

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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It is said that when Ralph Waldo Emerson was a young preacher in Boston Charlotte Cushman was a member of his choir.

Governor Rusk and Attorney General Frisby started for Washington on Friday, to appeal for federal aid in preventing the overflow of the waters in the Lake Winnebago basin and Neenah Creek. They will be absent about ten days.

Mr. Fair, United States Senator from Nevada, is the wealthiest man in the Senate, and it is said that his fortune is greater than that of all other Senators put together. There are some pretty rich men in the Senate, but no one but Mr. Fair can count his twenty-five millions. Senator Sawyer, of this State, is put down as the fifth in point of wealth.

When the star route cases were being tried on Friday in Washington, Mr. Merrick, counsel for the government, stated in court that they had sufficient evidence to prove the guilt of Dorsey. Colonel Ingersoll startled the court and spectators by loudly exclaiming, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars you have not." When Mr. Merrick answered that that was not the way they tried cases in law, Colonel Ingersoll replied, "Well, put up or shut up," and the court proceeded to business.

Of the great poets of this country, William Cullen Bryant was the first to pass away. Longfellow followed him in less than four years, and within a month after Longfellow's death had saddened the hearts of the Nation, Emerson was called away. There are two others remaining—John G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes—the former is 74 and greatly out of health, and the latter is 73 with the promise of many days. But it won't be long before both will go. They are beyond their three score and ten, and from that time to the grave it is not far.

Before challenging Mr. Blaine to a duel, young Belmont should seek advice from older heads, and thereby save himself from trouble. He is an adventurous youth—only thirty, small, weighing only a hundred pounds, very rich, and a member of Congress and is on the Foreign Affairs committee. His onslaught on Mr. Blaine seemed too utterly ridiculous for anything at first—a boy siding up to a giant, but unfortunately for Blaine, he lost his temper, and the matter became the harder the youthful Congressman pressed him to the wall and thereby achieved a triumph. Blaine routed all the rebel brigadiers in the House much easier than he managed the Stripping Belmont from New York.

The New York Tribune makes the statement that the Wisconsin delegation in Congress will be a unit in the course of re-election. "The prospects of Representatives Williams, Hazelton, Guenther and Pound for renomination are believed to be good, while those of Caswell and Humphrey are not so well defined. Of the Democratic members Representative Bragg is in a district supposed to be good for a Democratic majority of 2,500, while Deuster's present district gave a Republican majority in 1880 of 3,091. This district is made up of the city of Milwaukee. Mr. Deuster has become involved in the labor agitation in that city and is supposed to have been weakened thereby."

As was stated in the Gazette on Friday, Dr. George Henry Lamson, an American physician, was hanged in London on that day for poisoning his wife's brother. The case became an interesting one, not only on account of the prominence of the doctor, but likewise on account of the deliberate and cold-headed murder he committed. He was born in this country, and his father is the Rev. William O. Lamson, an Episcopal clergyman of much learning and prominence. Young Lamson studied medicine in the best colleges in Paris, and also at the Edinburgh College of Physicians and Surgeons. He served in the Franco-Prussian war as a surgeon, and also during the war in Europe in 1877-8. He was active, energetic, and popular in the service he rendered, and received numerous decorations—French bronze and iron crosses, a Serbian gold cross and medal, the Roumanian star and the Turkish Medjide, and other marks of honor. He spent sometime in Paris, Florence, and other chief cities of the continent, and finally began the practice of medicine in Hampshire, England, but was not successful. While in England he married an English lady, and after his failure in Hampshire, he removed to the United States, but being of a restless disposition, he could not secure a practice. He then returned to England and began the plot for murdering his wife's brother—Percy Malcolm John, a boy only 19 years old. On the death of Percy, Dr. Lamson's wife would be entitled to nearly \$9,000, and to secure this sum, Dr. Lamson determined to put to death his brother-in-law. The boy was a cripple, having a curvature of the spine, and traveled about in a wheeled chair. Pretending to give him medicine one day, the doctor administered acetone, the most powerful of poisons, from the effects of which the boy died several hours afterward. This was done on the 31st of last December, and his name having been associated with the death of the boy, Dr. Lamson returned to London to remain until after the inquest, and this sealed his fate. He thought his return would screen him from disgrace, but he was disappointed. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be

hanged on the 4th of April, but a respite was granted till the 28th. A strong effort was made both in England and in this country to secure his release on the ground of insanity, but the Queen refused to pay any attention to the insanity dodge. Had the case been in the United States undoubtedly he would have been successful in his scheme, but in England where laws are more respected than here there was no sympathy for the cold-blooded murderer, and he died as he should have done, on the gallows.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Particulars of the Execution of Dr. Lamson in London.

Comments on the Execution by the London Lancet and News.

Young Belmont Will Not Send a Challenge to Blaine.

Terrible Boiler Explosions at Kingsville and at Elmira.

A Wind, Rain and Hail Storm in Texas Destroys a Large Amount of Property.

The Arrangements for the Funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

LAMSON'S EXECUTION.

LONDON, April 28.—Dr. Lamson was hanged at 9 o'clock this morning. He was calm and composed. Only three reporters were present at the hanging. The procession entered the yard of the prison at 8.55, when the prison bell was tolling the death knell. The chaplain headed the procession. He was followed by two prison officials. The prisoner, who, until the time of starting, had been calm and composed, looked awfully pale and was very nervous. He was supported by wardens on either side, and was with difficulty able to descend the steps to the yard. He was met by Marwood, the executioner, at the foot of the steps. The prisoner was bare-headed. The operation of pinning him seemed unendurable. He submitted without a word, and hardly seemed to appreciate what was going on. From the steps there was a distance of sixty yards to traverse to the gallows. Lamson was supported with difficulty from this point to the scaffold. He swayed backward and forward, and stared wildly around him. When placed under the noose, the chaplain, who appeared much affected, began to read the burial service. Lamson in the meanwhile being supported by two jailers. Just before the cap was adjusted he cast down his eyes with a look of extreme despair. The drop was nine feet, and death was instantaneous. The chaplain remained by the gallows, repeating the Lord's Prayer. The body remained hanging one hour.

At the formal inquest the surgeon who made the examination testified that Dr. Lamson had been properly executed. His neck was not dislocated, and his features wore a placid expression. With the exception of a slight red mark around his neck, there was nothing to indicate a violent death. The jury gave a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

The Lancet utterly fails to perceive a particle of evidence demonstrating the insanity of the late Dr. Lamson. The news believes that if Dr. Lamson had been reprieved on the ground of insanity it would be impossible hereafter to punish any criminals who could show that indulgence in sedatives and narcotics had weakened their physical and mental conditions.

Quite a large crowd of the lower orders gathered outside the jail early to witness the hoisting of the black flag as a signal of the execution. The fact that the flag-staff was not erected until after dark yesterday caused some to think a reprieve would be granted at the last moment, on account of occurrence of the royal marriage.

Consumption Cure.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery," and "Pellelets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Monticello, Arkansas.

A TEXAS TEMPEST.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 28.—A Dallas special to the Gazette says: A violent wind, hail and rain storm visited Northern Texas this evening, being especially destructive in communities surrounding Denison, Sherman, Whitesboro, and Van Alstine.

In these portions fruit is reported ruined, and it is said, in many places the cotton, corn and oats will need replanting. Heavy loss to livestock is reported. Many houses are reported to have been blown down. A citizen of Whitesboro named Day was killed. Hailstones nearly as large as eggs fell, and the glass in windows was generally broken.

The "Golden Bloom of Youth" may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

The U. S. Government are using large numbers of the Improved Howe Scales Borden, Sellen & Co., agents, Chicago Ill.

DIRE EXPLOSIONS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 28.—A special to the Register, from Kingsville, says: The steamer Marion's boiler exploded to-day. She had on board a picnic party. Minnie Henry was instantly killed. Mattie and Nannie Henry are missing, and are supposed to be drowned. Lazze Henry and J. C. Eason are not expected to recover. William Trumble is badly scalded, Minnie Bates is seriously injured, and Arvil Stiles is missing, supposed to be drowned. Tom Richardson (colored) of the crew, was drowned, and John Williams, of the crew, was badly hurt.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 28.—The boiler of the Dalton passenger company exploded, killing Newell Olney, and Frank Baker, proprietors, and injuring several others.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. per box.

KIDNEY DISEASE. Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Buchupapa" \$1.00. Depot, Prentice & Evenson, Janesville.

BELMONT'S RETREAT.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—It is reported that young Belmont actually thought of sending a challenge to Mr. Blaine. He thought it over for the greater part of the day, of the encounter, and finally went to a Southern Senator for advice. It is understood that he called on Senator Butler, of South Carolina, as being most likely to give proper advice as to the conduct of gentlemen under the circumstances. Instead of acting as his "friend" in the matter, however, it is reported that General Butler told him not to be a fool. He then came down from mediation on blood and wrote the stupid note to Chairman Williams, of his committee, furnishing a copy of it to the Associated Press before it was delivered. It is a subject of despatching comment on Mr. Belmont that even his letter does not adhere to a strict statement of fact. He represents that Mr. Blaine resented an opinion simply which he held, and incensed because he would not change it. Now, the reason will show that Mr. Blaine took exceptions not to Mr. Belmont's opinion of him, but of his interpretation of words in his (Blaine's) official dispatches, which did not belong there.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876, I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSA FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when, to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. "I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with Disordered Lungs will be induced take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSA FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles, and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared, and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

A WISCONSIN CASE.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—W. E. Carter, of Platteville, a prominent Wisconsin attorney, arrived here this evening to attend to an important suit pending in the United States Supreme Court. The parties to the suit are Smith & Lightner, brokers on the Chicago Board of Trade, and J. H. Roundtree, of Platteville, Wis. The plaintiffs commenced suit against Roundtree in the United States Court for the Western Wisconsin district to recover judgment for wheat margins alleged to be due the broker from Roundtree. The defense set up was the business of speculating upon the future price of grain, when there was manifestly no intention to deliver, came within the prohibition of law prohibiting gambling and any paper given to secure payment of margins could not therefore be recognized in law. Roundtree was beaten in the lower court upon, as is alleged, an arbitrary ruling of the court, and judgment rendered in favor of the Chicago brokers, whereupon Roundtree appealed to the court of last resort. The result will be of considerable interest as being a final settlement of the question whether wheat speculations in chambers of commerce make the operators subject to the gambling laws.

Visible Improvement. Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work." Price \$1.00. Sold by A. J. Roberts and Shearer & Co.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

NEW YORK, April 28.—The tide of ocean travel is increasing every day. Steamers sailing are full to the extent of their capacity, and in some instances intending tourists find it impossible to secure staterooms. The rush began in the middle of April, and it will continue up to the middle of June with little

abatement. All the companies here report that it is a difficult matter for them to find accommodations for all who apply. Saturday is a large sailing day. Five large steamers will go out to-morrow, carrying from 100 to 200 cabin passengers in each.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

THE DEAD PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, Mass., April 28.—The funeral of Mr. Emerson, as intimated in these dispatches yesterday, will take place on Sunday. Dr. W. H. Furness, the senior pastor of the original Unitarian church in Philadelphia, who was a school-mate of Mr. Emerson at the Boston Latin School, will conduct the services with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brookline, a Unitarian clergyman, who has supplied the Concord pulpit a few times during the past year. Mr. Emerson of late having been pretty constant in his attendance in church. It is also expected that the Rev. James Freeman Clarke will participate in the exercises, and a large delegation from Boston will go to the funeral by special train.

Mr. Emerson left no directions for his funeral, but the townspeople are anxious to pay tribute in a public way to their illustrious dead, and will do so if such a plan meets the approval of the members of the family.

The remains have been partially embalmed by the Concord undertaker, and are now lying in the northwest chamber of the house. The countenance looked very natural this forenoon, retaining the same peaceful and calm appearance which it had at the time of his death.

The programme for the funeral on Sunday is that there shall be private services at the home at 2.30 p. m., at which members of the family and immediate personal friends alone will be present, and at 3.30 the body will be borne to the First Church, near by, where the public obsequies will be held.

The burial place is in Sleepy Hollow cemetery, near the grave of Hawthorne. When this cemetery was dedicated, twenty-seven years ago, Mr. Emerson made the address.

Little display will be made at the funeral, and the procession, including the school children of Concord in a body, will probably go on foot from the church to the grave.

The family to-day have received messages of condolence from all parts of the country.

Driving With the Parasol.

The other evening the Hawk-Eye jester was bathing his eyes in cold water, and suspended the operation long enough to remark:

"If a woman can't take her parasol to heaven when she dies, she won't be happy there. She will come back after it."

An impressive quiet followed this dogmatic statement, and the parasols of the court knew some of them were in for it.

"We were driving this afternoon," the aggrieved leader resumed, "and the princess kindly shaded my head with her parasol. It was very kind indeed. It limited my view of the country, at times, to my knees and the dashboard of the wagon. Whenever we met a team, especially if the road was very narrow, the princess lowered her parasol between myself and the passing wagon, so that I turned out by faith, or stood on my head to catch a glimpse of the colliding wheels. When we started down a steep hill she lowered the parasol between me and the horses, and I trusted to the good sense of the animals to keep out of the ditch. When we met any acquaintance to whom I wished to bow, she knocked my hat over my eyes. When she would point my admiring gaze to some exquisitely tinted autumn leaves, she jabbed a projecting parasol rib into my eye. When she turned to speak to any one in the rear seat, she rasped the back of my neck. Off as the carriage struck a stone or lurched over a rut, she prodded my long-suffering head with vicious little jabs. I drew my head down between my shoulders and sat crunched and bent, but the remorseless parasol still pursued me. I have been pelted and rasped and prodded, and all from a mistaken sense of kindness. A woman's selfishness and kindness of heart always prompts her to hold her parasol over the man who drives. And if the man who drives is slowed to choose for himself, he will choose sunstroke in preference to the parasol every time. I do not complain, mind you. I merely make a simple statement of plain fact. Any man who has had to drive a pair of horses while some gentle-hearted woman held a parasol over him, knows what I have suffered. And when she holds an umbrella it is infinitely worse. Then the man is utterly and hopelessly extinguished, and the material world is to him only a wild, blank chaos of alpacas and whalebone."

But here his little serene highness closed the debate by deciding that the nose caught it, but the eyes had it, and without appealing from the decision of the chair, the house adjourned.

The Great Horse Remedy.

For the cure of CUTS, WOUNDS, BRUISES, COLIC, LAMENESS, SADDLE GALLS, MANGE, CHAFES, CHAPS, SORES, ABSCESSES, SPRED-CLACKS, SCRATCHES, CRACKED HEELS, THRUSH, ROTTING FROG, INFLAMMATIONS AND ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

It is the best remedy in existence for general stable use. Prepared only by J. W. COLE & CO., Black River Falls, Wis.

For the cure of CUTS, WOUNDS, BRUISES, COLIC, LAMENESS, SADDLE GALLS, MANGE, CHAFES, CHAPS, SORES, ABSCESSES, SPRED-CLACKS, SCRATCHES, CRACKED HEELS, THRUSH, ROTTING FROG, INFLAMMATIONS AND ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Cole's Veterinary Catbolisolve

It is the best remedy in existence for general stable use. Prepared only by J. W. COLE & CO., Black River Falls, Wis.

BLANKS

FOR Constables' Accounts with Rock Co. AT GAZETTE OFFICE

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE
O. E. MOSELEY, Manager

THREE NIGHTS ONLY!
Commencing Thursday, May 4.

Florence Herbert!

Superb Dramatic Company!

Under the management of WHITELEY & SELLER.

THURSDAY EVENING
The Elegant Society Comedy.
Destiny

A Change of Play Each Evening!

General Admission 25c
Gallery Reserved Seats (Best seats in the House) 50c
POSITIVELY NO HIGHER PRICES UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Furniture.

Britton & Kimball,
Next door to Postoffice.

REFRIGERATORS,
Children's

Carriages,
HAMMOCKS.

Iron and Terra
Cotta Vases.

UNDERTAKERS,
Established - 1855.

J. H. SCOTFORD,
Photographic Portraits!

West Milwaukee Street.

We have purchased the Gallery of W. A. Hand, opposite the Corn Exchange, where we solicit the patronage of those desiring strictly

First Class Work!

Twenty Years' Experience

Both as an artist and photographer, we shall make our work as good as can be made in any city in the country.

COMPLETED
JAMES MORCAN,

386 and 388
East Water Street,

MILWAUKEE,

Takes pleasure in announcing that his arrangements for an immense trade during the present season are completed.

Goods in the Thirty-two departments are the very best, well assorted and in full supply, and the prices are guaranteed to be the lowest.

INSPECTION INVITED.

In a few days James Morgan will open a
New Department.

10,000 CALVES!

Wanted, from two days to eight weeks old, for which the highest market price will be paid at the market on the bridge R. J. ROONEY.

NEW SPRING STYLES!

OF
Wall Papers, Borders, Friezes.

Dados, Center and Ceiling Decorations Generally

Also a very large assortment of Curtains, Shade Cloth and Hollands of all Colors, together with a large assortment of

Brass, Ebony and Walnut Lambrequin

Poles, Window Cornices, Curtain Loops, Bands Fringe, Pins, Hooks and Tassels. Curtain Fixtures of all kinds. Line and Ball Cords, Room Mouldings and Picture Hooks. Velvet Easel Frames, Engravings and Pictures generally. Picture Frames made to order on short notice from the finest and most unique mouldings. The Headquarters for House decorations, and House Furnishing Goods generally, is at the old and reliable Bookstore of

J. SUTHERLAND & SONS,

East Side the River, Janesville, Wis.

Here we are to the Front Again
ALL HANDS ON DECK!

And ready to serve Our Old and All the New Customers that favor us with a call. If you don't believe it come in and we will show you the improvements that have been made in our

Custom Department.

and a choice line of suitings as you ever looked at in this city and in the READY MADE you all know that we have as good, and sometimes a little better stock

Than You Can Find in the State.

Boys' suits from 4 to 10 years, school, youth and men's suits in great variety. Spring Overcoats from a \$5 coat to a silk lined Carrs Melton. Come in

FOOTE & WILCOX.

I WOULD, WOULD'NT YOU!

GO WHERE YOU CAN GET
The Most Artistically Cut Garments in the City. The Largest and most complete stock to select from. NO OLD STEROTYPED STYLES OR IDEAS. The Newest and most Select in the city. The Lowest Prices in the city at

SHEA'S, THE POPULAR TAILOR,
Next Door to Smith & Son, on Main Street.
N. B.—This is copyrighted, (Others Please Catch on.)

SURPRISE PARTY!

The race for success in Business becomes more hotly contested with the advent of every new season; the demands of competition more exacting; the perfection of yesterday but proves the stepping stone for To-Day I am determined to Keep on going ahead for First Place, and trust to the judgment or of a reward in the shape of liberal patronage in my line of

Men's, Boys', Children's Clothing

for the Spring season of 1882, is large and replete with attractions and my assortment of cloths proves a perfect Surprise Party to my Friends, and for style and fit I claim to have no competitors. My line of

Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing

Goods will prove both ornamental and profitable to all who may favor me with their patronage, assuring them that only fair, honorable dealing is the motive of

Yours Respectfully,
FRED SONNEBORN, THE STAR CLOTHIER.

AT THE
EMPIRE DRUG STORE!

YOU WILL FIND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines!
THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Combs, Brushes, Dressing Cases!

Which will be sold as cheap as any other house in the State. Also all the choice
Brands of Cigars and Cigarettes.
CALL AND SEE ME.
WM. M. ELDREDGE, Druggist,
No. 27 Main Street, Janesville, W.

The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than that of any other newspaper in Rock county.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking slowly
The moon hangs
In the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
To cheer the night;
And the first star of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O, no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see the stand
And the sword upon its hilt;
Then beckoned with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in the morning;
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
That thou shalt know me long,
Know how simple a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

A REAL SWEET STORY.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had had many, for she had a temper, and he had a temper, and they were both of them impulsive young people with very little self-control.

"You are a false, selfish, untruthful, man-like man," said she.

"And you a suspicious, unreasonable, unwomanly woman," said he.

"Take back your letters," she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon on the floor at his feet.

"I will," he muttered between his clenched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two, and then flew away in thin wavy black fragments up the chimney.

As the last fragment disappeared, Rick turned again to Letty, with frowning brow, and asked, as he had asked before: "Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?"

"I do," she replied, "unless you show me the charm."

"I will not show it to you," he declared, with violent emphasis. "If my word be not sufficient, I refuse to give you further proof. I wonder that you dare insult me by asking it. And I also wonder how you, believing me to be false and untruthful, can be willing to trust your future to me."

And, as he spoke, he began to smile, and to begin to think that perhaps it would have been better if he had never made that future promise—if we had never met, in fact.

"O, indeed, sir!" with great assumption of dignity. "Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then, when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her), and in pleasing her I may find I am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself."

"Are you referring to Brougham Brown?"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Rick, seizing his hat, "this is too much. Letty, go!"

But Letty began humming an air from *Patience*, drumming an accompaniment on the window-pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly. Five minutes passed, and still the street door did not slam. "He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose," she said, with a defiant grimace, "but I won't!" and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a bang.

And then she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone forever! "Rick, whom she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling Lena Varian, with her pale blue eyes and star-colored hair, had chosen to tell him about him. And shaking the tears from her lashes, she began scolding herself as hard as she could scold poor Rick. "The idea, Letty Lounsberry, of your believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did flirt a little with her, that is true; but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them and flattering them. But he never gave her the little gold pig—your Christmas gift to him—never! How she got it, I can't imagine, but he would have explained it to you had given him a chance. And then the absent mother, gone to Aunt Emory's for a two days' visit, came in for a share of reproach. "If she had only let our engagement be known, instead of insisting upon our waiting until Rick was twenty-one, and I had not been obliged to carry my engagement ring in my back hair, the only place where it is safe from Baby's—Goodness gracious! Baby!" And Letty suddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Lounsberry was absent poor fellow! he had said away if he could have foreseen his reception! Baby had been sitting alone in the dining room, in the middle of the big dining-table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars and fruit cans and catsup bottles and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was the monthly house-cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smashing and breaking, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweets and sour. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet into her slippers, and hastened where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish-towel in the very spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor, filling the air with the subtle fragrance of garlic. "That wasn't to be missed," said Letty. "Thank fortune, there is no worse mischief done." But the "thank" was scarcely uttered when her eyes fell upon the last jar of the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth thirty thousand dollars) birthday. There it stood, directly in front of Baby, with more than half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents by little scooping fingers.

"O, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?" asked Letty, reproachfully and dramatically.

But Baby evidently had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept on crooning to her bottle-doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat and tied it securely over what remained over the original covering.

Then said Baby, "Rick tussle—nice Rick!"

O, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagined he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good-by to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.

"Yes, Baby, nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick, but for all that, the ring he gave me goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him to-night. How dare he wish that we had never met?"

But she did not hear from him that night, and the next day the little band of gold was released from its hiding-place in her thick brown hair, and a too faithful messenger placed it in Rick's hands as he left his place of business.

"ut, ah! what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about the Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! what a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty times a day!"

"No nice—no more," said Baby, missing the merry tones and the happy laugh.

But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken. Brougham Brown suited her much better as a prospective son-in-law than Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy young fellow, and the other a poor clerk in a counting-house.

"Letty will soon get over it," she said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face.

"A first-love disappointment is always hard to bear for a while. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin, but I didn't. I lived to marry you, and I have a seal-clock and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket."

And so Brougham Brown, who was really a manly, generous, good-hearted fellow in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting himself to the most ardent fashion to Letty, and she, seeing her mother's pleasure thereat, and hearing no word from Rick, received his attentions in a passive, unresponsive way.

Three months went by, and it was Aunt Emory's birthday, and that eccentric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, luncheon with one portion, dining with another, and supping with a third. The lunch party was given at her sister Letty's (Mrs. Lounsberry), and some half a dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were bidden to the feast. Letty, in a sea-green gown (Rick's favorite gown), with a spray of pink hyacinths (Rick's favorite spring flower) in her hair, went quietly about welcoming the guests, Brougham Brown following her like her shadow, until lunch was announced. Then taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmamma's famous peach marmalade (she had had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done), when somebody said, addressing her mother: "Have you heard that Richard Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed last lately."

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her niece's poor pale face, and asked, sharply: "What's the matter, child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?"

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"No, ma'am," answered Letty, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preserved peaches should be.

"Let me help you," said Brougham; and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon her dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

"And so that is the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it?" said Aunt Emory. "I don't want any. I prefer my sweets unmixed with unknown foreign substances. Take it away, Norah."

But Letty was already slowly unrolling the paper (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck persistently to her small fingers, but accomplished at last, when out rolled the little gold pig. And on the inside of the paper was scrawled, in Rick's bold hand, these words:

"MY DARLING!—How foolish we were—I mean, I am! Here is the charm. Miss Varian had it about her neck—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece of one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow evening."

Rick.

Never did any young lady so suddenly break through all the conventionalities of society, never did daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never did niece so unflinchingly brave the displeasure of a thirty-thousand-dollar aunt, as did Letty Lounsberry the instant after she had read this note.

"Brougham," she cried, looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "I must see Rick. I must—I must. You will go and bring him to me, dear?"

(It was the first time she had ever called him "dear," and, alas! he felt that it would be the last.) For a moment he pulled his long mustache nervously. "We are not very good friends, you know," at last he said.

"Yes, I know. But I am to blame for that too," said Letty, hurriedly. "Forgive me, Brougham, but I must see Rick."

And the good fellow, hesitating no longer, turned from that imploring face, and with a tug at his heart-strings, went off to tug at his rival. He found him and brought him back to the girl they both loved.

And what do you think Aunt Emory did?—Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham Brown, Letty should inherit any of her money. "Left the house in a passion!" Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed until she could laugh no longer.

"Now I shall have something new to tell folks," she said. "They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard in all my life."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Lounsberry. "It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on?"

"O, I'll look after them," said Aunt Emory; and her remark marked a very good ending to this real sweet story.—*Harper's Weekly.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There is a gradual rise being made in the salaries of New York City clergymen.

The Appletons have sold 46,000,000 Webster spellers within the last forty years.

At Wallerawang, New South Wales, a lady has built a church for the joint use of Anglican and Presbyterian communions.

—Deacon George W. Chapman, of Boston, recently in passing a candy store which the Sheriff was selling out stepped in and bought the entire stock; and then followed a revelry in sweets among the thousand children in the Tremont Temple Sunday school, of which for years he has been Superintendent.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The hall of Georgetown College (District of Columbia) containing its collection of curiosities is to be known hereafter as Coleman Museum, in honor of a recent gift of \$10,000 from Mr. James V. Coleman, of San Francisco, to the college. The will of the late General James M. Coale, of Frederick, Md., contains a bequest of \$10,000 to the same institution.

—A Presbyterian at Blyth, Ontario, called on his pastor and handed him \$100 as a donation for missionary work. The pastor, knowing that the man was not wealthy, expressed astonishment and asked him how he happened to have so much to give away. The man explained that it was tobacco money which he had saved. Formerly he used the weed indifferently. He had reformed, and the money was one of the first substantial proofs that his reform was in earnest.

—The Baptist Union Theological Seminary, at Morgan Park, near Chicago, has an attendance of ninety-three students, which, with the twelve ladies attending lectures, gives a total of 105. In the regular course there are three graduates, twenty-two in the senior class, seventeen in the middle and twenty-five in the junior. The English course numbers eight students and the Scandinavian eighteen. The faculty numbers ten, including the President, the Rev. George W. Northrup, D. D. LL. D.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The best kind of plans have been devised to advance education; but little has been accomplished. And the reason is that the body of the teachers has never cared a fig for reform or improvement. In a town of 10,000 inhabitants there is a Superintendent who has done a great work; yet he says: "I have done it all without help from the teachers; they have stood coldly by; they have not welcomed improvements, even when it would be for comfort. They have behind my back discouraged school-officers and poured cold water. 'New fangled ideas' spoken in a most contemptuous way has been the argument. They would have rejoiced at my failure. But I have succeeded."—*The School Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—English and French doctors don't agree as to what causes sea-sickness. We thought it was caused by going on the water.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow" because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his own shadow.—*The Household.*

—Somebody wants a honey store established in every town. In Louisville the dry-goods stores have all been enlarged to make room for sweetness.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills where he can pick sixty bird-shot out of his legs.—*Free Press.*

—A new song is entitled: "Be kind to the foreigner who lands on our shores." It seems to us that this song will never do for a temperance gathering, for it is a sort of back an alien song.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Snooks went home the other night afflicted with a double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare if you two gals don't look 'nough like a pair of twins."

—"Don't go chopping away at the branches," said an old woodman to his son. "Lay your ax at the root of the tree." And like a dutiful boy he did as he was told. He laid the ax at the root of the tree, and then went off for a day's fishing.

—A New Yorker advertises "the patent tidy fastener." It is a snare and a hollow mockery of course. An instrument has never been invented—and never will be—that will secure a tidy in its place. When a young man can sit on a chair ten minutes without getting the tidy under him somewhere or on the floor he may know that the millennium is only about two hours hence.

—A dinner party—the youngest gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by inquiring the name of the hostess' little daughter, to which the child has replied: "Ethel." And why, Ethel, do you keep putting me to sleep?" "Because mamma says you're a muf!" (awful pause, during which the child strokes him down)—"but you don't feel like one, you know." (Tableau: child complacent—nobody else.)—*Judy.*

—A gentleman, who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him a man who stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder saying, as he did so by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "O, it's you, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first to the conversation.—*Chicago Times.*

Esthetic Dining.

The Pot Luck Club, composed of some 500 ladies and gentlemen, had a dinner at Irving Hall, in New York, the other night. Ice-cream was the first dish served, and entrees and roasts made up the final service. The waitresses were dressed in costumes medieval, Romanesque and Florentine, and the male waiters were a herd of young Bunthorns and Grosvenors, with flowing blonde wigs and knee-breeches. The bill of fare included in its designation "Wild, weird, fleshy, and yet very tender, spiced, 'simply clinging pie,' 'love-sick salad,' 'too-too-ti-frutti,' 'early-English buttercup and daisies pudding,' 'soufflé intense tarts,' 'medieval macaroni,' 'amarantino asphodel salad,' 'Francesca di Rimini fantasies,' 'desly,' 'precious' and 'ecstatic' hams, and 'hollow-hollow pastry.'"

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Stables' Accounts with Rock Co. | New

New York's Produce Exchange.

trading in the Produce Exchange are held at \$2,750, which indicates the perilous condition of this traffic. The exchange is chiefly limited to grain, as there is no other exchange for butter and cheese. Wheat and beans are now as regular a feature in the Produce Exchange as they were among the stock jobbers, and the speculation in the sale of an equally wild and reckless character. Chicago quotations are reported every fifteen minutes and sometimes more frequently, and these two centers of speculation are kept in unison. One feature in the grain market is the immense transacted on storage receipts. A speculator may buy 100,000 bushels of grain and only get a piece of paper. He may sell the latter in ten minutes, and in this manner the paper will go the rounds of the market.

Some may be surprised at the speculation placed in a mere storage certificate, but without this confidence the grain would be of a very limited character. The receipts are often used as security for loans, and if the latter are sold the grain is sold, just as they do on Wall Street, when the margin is exhausted. — *N. Y. Letter.*

Chin Ah Loy, while awaiting trial for murder at Napa, Cal., heard that his fellow had made an anti-Chinese speech at a mass meeting in that town. He immediately hanged himself, taking the silk rope which he had used for his own defense as his queue for that purpose, and leaving a trap of a bucket. — *Chicago*

ally servant of his predecessor. The servants have never been known to use Justice to violate this custom.

Justice Woods, who was appointed by Garfield to speaking to some of the most prominent men of the servant of this custom, said: "I have experienced. The fellow is the best man I see in the morning and the best I see at night. He forced his way into my room at the Elliott House, and asked me to go down to breakfast, and asked me what I would have for breakfast, taking my order to the cooks for him. I could not get rid of him. He said, 'I have haunted me all the time. I tried to find places to get rid of him, but he came back as quick as lightning. That will be the death of me. I have no satisfaction, however, the other fellows are tortured in the same way.'"
 Mr. Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, recently went on the Supreme Court, and he had an idea he would do just as well, but after a trial he finally released, and is now as completely powerless as the other fellows. He not only was not allowed to select a man for himself, but he was forced to accept the services of a man he does not like.

The men are death on customs; they live on custom, and not one of the body of men does a thing different from what the others do. As a rule, the body of men are past middle age. The men and grandfathers of some of the men served in the same capacity, for the men let the new man into the ring.

—*Everett C. Hartford Times.*

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